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"A SOUR DOUGH'S S

Next.

Lost and Won."

servation which, as will be seen, had

not resulted in putting him" on the in-

side." In conformity with modern

Klondike development, Sour wore the

stiffest of high linen collars, which had

chafed a red ring round his neck about

the heighth of the lower lobe of the ear.

bockers and negligee shirt.

for me.'

didn't they?"

phatically.

did you find things outside?"

Chee was attired in bicycle knicker-

"Holy smoke !" exclaimed Chee,

"but I'm glad to see you back. How

"Didn't find ' em at all," remarked

Sour sententiously. "You see, every-

thing found me. Had on a nugget

chain and a nugget pin and seemed like

as everybody was waiting at the depot

Chee laughed "Things seemed kind of cheap after, being up here so long,

Then he gets interested and buys a few dollars' worth of nickels. / Nickels

don't seem to amount to much, and yet

he'd better buy wine in Dawson than play the machine." And Sour glower

ed ommously and led the way into Tom

big horn of-he didn't care what. A

Chee took lemonade/and Sour took a

arge number rance before son. ould be profit-

Indeed the le solution of h has been by the Cape cts for \$1.25 vashup in the nd refused on o lessen the to thoroughly itial on much which it has ly pay all the bay the wages will rule this en on every rs and many are made for s to pitch in at the owners

ie country for

as settling in ity seen noe was noticeg of almost ng helplessly hich pervaded is particulary its absence. as last winter ommunication for four long ous husbands with satisfac the telegraph the mail carleave no gap nd winter serof these Husis summer by n that for a re is no more camp which d foreboding.

nes more and

toned the door, and in low, careful tones commenced: "You see, it was this way. Leo Schifferle was cute, and when Edgar de-cided the creek was no good and went outside, Leo moves onto his claim ready to relocate as soon as the time Or "How a Gold Run Claim Was came. The creek was becoming better known every day, and so to keep other people off—ha! ha!!—Leo pretends he is on the ground a-representing for Ed-gar. Ha! ha!!'' and Sour dug his fore-A Complete Novelette in One Chapter fingers into Chee's ribs to point the -Sour Dough Puts Chee Chahko joke.

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET: DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1899.

Joke. S"What good would that do?" asked Chee lugubriously. "Why, darn it, can't you see he fool-ed 'em?" and at thought of the horde Our old friends Mr. Sour Dough and of stakers coming to spy out the land, and being led to believe it was never to lapse. Sour rolled from side to side on Mr. Chee Chahko met one day last week for the first time in months. Friend Sour had just returned from a his stool in silent mirth, only a hearty chuckle escaping now and then to testitrip outside, while Chee, being a new arrival, had occupied the summer in ob-

fy to his enjoyment. "Well, you see," he continued, atter recovering his breath, "Leo recorded the claim and counted himself worth a few thousand ounces, when up comes an ex-official, who said the claim was his and was very positive. /Leo said he knew better, so a day was set before the gold commissioner for a hearing. Well, the day come around and Leo had all his witnesses and made out a spanking good case and then /they all goes to lunch." Sour stopped to laugh in his usual inaudible way/ and was interrupted by: "I don't see anything funny about

Emil Stauf

"O, you don't?" and Sour straightened up for a minute. "Don't you see the other side hadn't been heard yet?" Nothing funny about that."

"No, but there was when they met after lunch," and Sour took three min-utes to laugh quietly to himself. "You British-American Ste see, when Leo got back they wouldn't let him in to hear the other side of the question, and

'Cheap be d-d!'' said Sour em Why, you don't mean to say he was "Can treat the crowd on a kept outside?" half a dollar and a fellow thinks he's

Locked out, ' laconically.

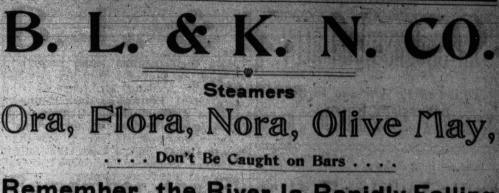
going to have a sheol of a time on a "Did he try the side entrance?" "Yes, and he pounded on the door-ha, ha- and went to the clerk at the front door, and-" Here the comicaliew ounces, and he wakes up one morn ing and counts his change, and finds he'll have to be a blooming assisted emigrant if he gets back to Dawson at ty of one party to an important suit beall. Why they've got one of those ing locked out of court struck Sour so severely that he nearly exploded. Noth dummed nickel-in-the-slot machines on each end of every bar, and things are so ing but a pressure on the button concheap a fellow doesn't like to save his necting with the bar saved him. nickels so puts them in the machine.

"Why, that's not funny a bit," said Chee, indignantly. "I call it a d---d fraud. "O, but you don't see the point yet," laughed Sour. "Leo. got in after awhile."

"O, he did, did he?" "Yes, and the interested ones were just going out." "O, they were," scornfully interject-

repetition at Chee's expense and the ed Chee.

pair found themselves again on the "Yes, and one of 'em says, 'You lost your case, young fellow,' and that was "Where will we go to have a private all the satisfaction he got— But look talk?" asked Chee, who had an idea here we're missing the show," and in that Sour could post him on a certain an instant both heads were through the divided curtain and both pair of eyes fastened on the stage Sure enough there was an inclined plane leading to a high bridge. On the stage was a melee of murderous Indians, helpless maidens and rescuing cowboys. Up the inclined plane rushed Charley, the rescuer, on his fiery mustang, and But the horse had been there before and instead of standing over the trap sped on like a deer. At the appointed place Charley grasped the stringer on which he was to dangle while the horse went into the tank. Down dropped the bridge --and so did Charley, for he missed his hold and went head first into the tank "Ah, ha!" broke in Sour. "You've below. The accidental change of pro-been and got a hold of a claim some- gram brought down the house and in the



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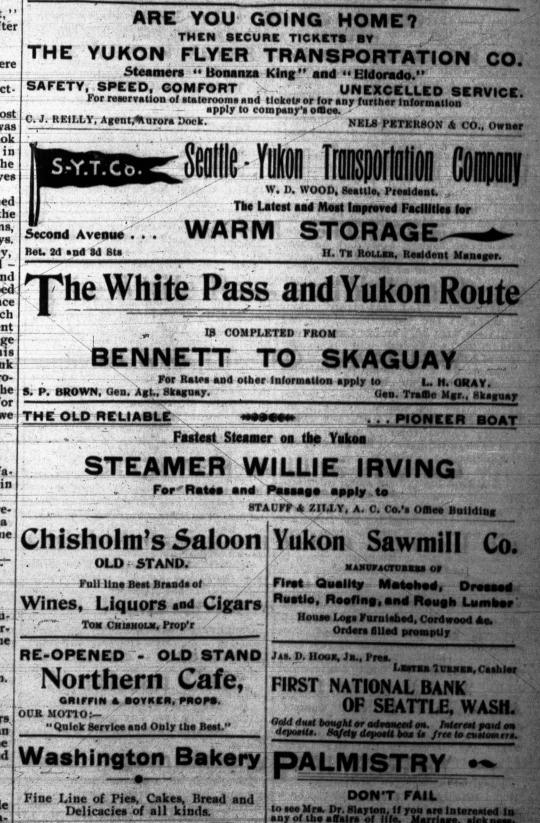
S. S. "GARONNE," Sailing from St. Michael July 1, August 15, Sept. 15. First Class Accommodations for Passengers. Sailing dates of river | Steamers from Dawson will be announced later. Watch this space. CHAS. H NORRIS, Mgr. Yukon Division. FRANK J. KINGHORN, Agent, Yukon Dock.

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load.

rom a friend s not received ecame a little d the follow-

20 taxes here Our best e government lves. We are e in our gov-is expended ilding a para-, so that our le the ridges thout coming at unwashed

te prices at the

The setter

important matter. A fellow's more alone in a crowd

Chisholm's saloon.

street.

than in a/private room in Dawson," was the sage reply. "Let's go to the theater. Arizona Charley has got a play on in which a bridge breaks down and the how down and the horse drops 14 teet into a tank of water,/leaving the rider hanging in the air. /

At/the Grand the pair took another drink-lemonade and whisky-and proceeded up to the row of boxes, where they found themselves as much alone as if locked up in a bank vault.

'Say, I'm in trouble !'' commenced Chee.

wheres and can't get it recorded. Is uproar attending the curtain call for that it?" Charley, all in his draggled finery, we that it?" lost track of our two friends.

'You're off this time old man. I bought one already recorded."

"No gold in it, and got a payment to make," suggested the old timer. "Wiong again. The fact is its a dandy,

and now a fellow comes in and says it's I use my cane." his. For the life of me, I can't see how the government can escape liability

people have lo st through its employ-es;" and Sour touched the button in disgust "Has the otner fellow got any valid claim?".

"Come to look into the matter," continued Chee slowly and thoughtul-ly, "I rather think he has. Fact is Arctic Brotherhood. I'm a thousand out and I can't afford

"Why don't you do as was done with No. 37 Gold Run last winter?"

- 3

1.1.1

Telegrams. milking stools close together for a good talk, after having satisfied themselves that the play of the Arizona Scout had not yet arrived at the bridge scene. Sour drew the box curtains to and but-office for forwarding. Telegrams. Telegrams. Send your telegrams to the outside via the Nugget Express service. Messa-ges delivered to the nearest telegraph office for forwarding. Fine Line of Pies, Cakes, Bread and Delicacies of all kinds. 3d St., Bet. Fourth and Fifth Aves., Dawson. Sour drew the box curtains to and but-

He Never Goes There Any More.

"Young man," shouted the irate fa-

"As you suffer with the gout," re-sponded the young man, "you'll proba bly use your cane whether you catch me or not.

Then the cane was used right there.--Chicago Record.

Brotherhood Matters.

Mr. E. J. Fitzpatrick has been depu-tized to attend to the details of the or-

A. F. GEORGE, Special Organizer for the Yukon.

Lost or Strayed.

"What was that?" "Well—I mean—don't you think you could make out a good case if you could keep the other fellow out of court? Let me tell you about 37, and you'll see what I mean," and both drew their milking stools close together for e good

to see Mrs. Dr. Slayton, if you are interested in any of the affairs of life. Marriage, sick near-trouble, mining, in fact anything you may want to know. Office: Cabin, ccr. Third ave, and Third st. Hours, 10 to 5.